

one, of the respect paid to her master, and the higher comfort of the new position she held; and when he spoke to her of the kind and gentle mistress to whom she was going, and the duties of the household she was entering, she felt she would devote herself, please God, to the one, and take a zealous part in the labours of the other.

The rude, rough country inns were no trial to her who had lived in such hardness and poverty, and the towns and churches were wonders to the peasant girl who had felt the little church of Wike St. Marie so grand.

What would her parents say to the daily comforts of her present life, to the beauties of the buildings she saw. Truly she would let them know the good things she had been allowed to enjoy, and the blessedness of the new life of usefulness and well-being which had been opened to her.

What might she not do for her father, whose little flock of sheep she had tended so often, wishing them so many more for his sake; for the dear mother whose poor, thin winter gear she had so often yearned to make warm and soft and plentiful; for the scanty wood fires in the little hut, which she might be able to replenish with a noble wood-stack beside the door?

Thinking too of the Cousin John, her young lover, for whom she might weave bright hopes for the future, and to whom she might perhaps be able to send good news—perhaps (for he had taught her to read and write) some of the books she had heard him wish for so hopelessly. Dreams! dreams!

But one thing assuredly this noble girl did not dream, that her name, Thomasine Bonaventura, would be handed down through centuries to come, amongst the chronicles of her native county as one of its benefactresses, and her life be remembered as an example of what one true woman can do for the good of her people.

Her county of Cornwall is rich in memories; a few names have been already mentioned, but it may be well to remember also such, though distinguished for their eminence in science or philanthropy, are possibly fading from the recollection of our too busy times.

We should not forget Ralph Allen, the distinguished man of business and philanthropist, of whom Mr. Pitt wrote, "I fear not all the example of his virtues will have power to raise up to the world his like again." His organisation of the post office was a remarkable service to his country, and he used the immense fortune he gained in the noblest manner. We must also remember the Arundells of Lanherne, Trevise, and Jolverne, ecclesiastics and warriors; the Bassets of Tehidy; Admiral William Bligh, F.R.S.; Henry Bone, R.A., the enamellist; the Boscauwens; Rev. Dr. William Borlase, F.R.S., the antiquary; Davy, the man of science; Admiral Viscount Exmouth; Samuel Foote, wit and dramatist; Trevethick, the engineer; Vivian, the soldier; Inledon, the singer; Richard Landor, the explorer; the Killigrews (diplomats, warriors, courtiers and poets); Opie, the painter; the St. Aubyns (of Clowance and the Mount); the Rev. Henry Martyn, B.D., the Christian missionary and oriental scholar; the Grenvilles of Stow (heroes by sea and land); the Trelawneys (mentioned in the old saying), "A Godolphin was never known to want wit, a Trelawney courage, or a Grenville loyalty";

and lastly, the Godolphins of Godolphin, statesmen, jurists and divines.

In those days a household was a very different thing to govern and supply from the households of our days. Now the trouble is assisted by numberless inventions and handicrafts.

The household books of those days throw a great light on the home-life of the upper classes in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. There were then scarcely any of the fruits and vegetables now in common use among the poorest people. They have been brought over sea from warmer countries and naturalised here by care and toil.

The larder, especially in winter, depended chiefly on salted meats and salted fish (often very dear). Many diseases arose from this diet. Wheat bread was a luxury for the richer classes; and all households had to prepare and make what was needed at home. Not only the daily bread had to be made, but the daily beer to be brewed (for then, remember, there was neither tea, coffee nor cocoa in England), and the daily butter and cheese to be made.

The still-room, too, was a very important affair, with its distilling of spirits and cordials, herb-medicines and essences; these last by no means a matter of luxury, as the sanitary arrangements left much to be desired, and the difficulty of getting water told upon the work of the laundry and the baths. The napery at that time also was very rich, and in large households (sometimes in small ones) had to be woven and spun at home.

Lastly, and most exacting of all the duties of the ladies of the family were the tapestries and hangings and embroideries (of which exquisite examples are still remaining), besides the making of clothes for the household, and the gathering in of the daily supplies.

The Duke of Wellington once said, "I have several generals I can trust to win a battle, but I don't know one I can rely on to feed my army—I do that myself."

Well, these households had to be fed and supplied and kept in health and well-being by the organisation of the mistress; and we may the better feel the difficulty of this when we remember that there were then no stores of preserved food of any kind such as we have now; no tinned meats or delicate *entrées* of fish or fowl, fruit or preserves to be had for love or money. There were no factories where hundreds of workmen are busy in making cakes, biscuits, etc. No large laundries where machines are so kind as to spare almost all manual labour while they tear and destroy our pretty under-garments so effectually, that it is a great temptation to buy them at the cheapest store, and forget (alas!) that it is blood-money that we so spend, and that our machine-stitched linens are tainted with the sweating system which makes their price possible.

In these old households there was much to be done, but the variety of the work was great, the food and shelter, though perhaps rough, was in plenty, and there was (what we may be permitted to allude to and regret) an amount of training and discipline which women now at the head of households have such cause bitterly to miss, and hopelessly to desire.

In reading a list of household effects of a merchant in the days of Queen Elizabeth, we may make a slight extract to show what those

home productions were which cost so much toil and lasted so well.

"Tapestries, hangings of silk, fringed napkins (the list of silver goblettes, etc., is too long to quote), naperie, diaper borde cloths, cloths with fringes, diaper napkins, linens of all kinds."

The kitchen apparatus was large, chiefly of brass, which had, of course, to be kept bright and ornamental; but the bedroom furniture, or rather the want of it, must be left to the imagination—coffers for clothes, vessels of wood, iron and brass—no china or commonware. Cups and glasses began to be used only in the reign of Henry VIII.

Into this very busy world of work the peasant girl came, little more than a child, for she was only thirteen years of age, and the travellers arrived at their journey's end after being only a fortnight on the road—a speed so satisfactory and unusual that it was Dame Bunsby's emphatic remark "that she really thought they must have flown."

"Her mistress received Thomasine with a kind and hearty welcome, and ratified by her daily approval her husband's choice of the Cornish maid. When she was first told that her name was Bonaventura, and her husband explained it signified good luck, she said, 'Well, sweetheart, when I was a girl, they used to say that the name was a fore-sign of the life, and God grant that thine may turn out so to be.'"

The anxiety of her mistress as to her qualities and capacities was gradually and effectively appeased by the ease with which the girl learnt, and the zeal and industry she showed—most of all by her earnest sympathy with, and devotion to, her mistress which relieved her gradually of all care and fatigue. Like the Hebrew servant, in whose wisdom and fidelity his master learnt to put absolute trust until he had put everything into his hand—for all that he did prospered—so this girl gradually won the love and confidence of her employers, so that in a few years she became the manager of the whole household, and all that she did also prospered. But her care and love, though it prolonged and soothed the suffering life of her mistress, could not cure the sickness under which she suffered.

"Her death drew nigh, and, with the touching simplicity of the time, she told her true and tender husband, with smiling tears, that she thought he could not do better than, if they so agreed, to put Thomasine in her place when she was gone.

"Tell her it was my last wish." This gentle desire so uttered—her strong and grateful feeling towards the master who had taken her, as she expressed in her rural speech, "Lean from the moor and fed her so that her very bones belonged to him," weighed with her. She thought of the happy home he had given her, and the power she would gain to make the latter days in the old hut at Wike St. Marie prosperous and calm.

With such feelings and impulses we cannot wonder that Thomasine yielded to the last wish of the mistress she loved, and the master to whom she owed years of happy usefulness, and consented to become his wife—a position which promised her a future power to be a blessing to the dear home far away, which she knew to be so poor, so dependent on her for cheer and comfort.

(To be continued.)

